

The Crime-fighting Detective:

YOUNG KING COLE

10¢



BUT I'M A
DETECTIVE!

YES, WE KNOW, AND I'M
GEORGE WASHINGTON
CAESAR NAPOLEON!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

COLE CLUES

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

There are interesting differences of opinions among our readers this month!

Some letters from you praise Homer K. Beagle and others want Homer "thrown out." Dwight Wilson writes, "I don't think anyone could be as dumb as he"; and Roberta Smith says, "I think he acts a little goofy."

Young King Cole, is still Number 2 favorite, but some readers object because he solves his crimes too easily and is never hurt. What do you think about this?

Toni Gayle still rates as your favorite. "Because she wears such cute hats," says one reader.

Keep writing and telling us how you feel about this magazine. YOUNG KING COLE is put out for its readers. Help save Homer's life if you like him.

Also, we want to remind you that April fifth through April eleventh is National Boys' Club Week. Credit should be given to the Boys' Clubs of America which aid their community and offer healthful recreation to their members. Time spent in a club that has worthwhile goals as well as parties is time well-spent.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I'm going to give you my opinion about your book. There's one thing wrong with the stories: they are not exciting and nobody gets hurt.

Take out "Toni Gayle" and put in something interesting. "Homer K. Beagle" is too silly. Put in something else.

"Dr. Drew" is good and so is "Young King Cole."

A reader and fan,
Lee Archambeau
Lorain, Ohio

Dear Editors:

This is the first time I read YOUNG KING COLE comics. I liked it very much. I liked all of the stories. But my favorite was "Toni Gayle." I liked "Toni Gayle" because it shows that women make good detectives.

Sincerely yours,
Lois Stilley
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Dear Editors:

I am a faithful reader of YOUNG KING COLE comics. I haven't missed a single one since I started saving them several months back. It is hard to say which story I like best as they are all different kinds of stories; but I think my favorite is "Homer K. Beagle" because the comical man, though stupid, becomes the hero of his story. I enjoy your comic very much. Even my father, who never picks up a comic book, reads YOUNG KING COLE. Keep up the excellent work.

A faithful reader,
Peter Bucky
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the December issue of YOUNG KING COLE comics and I think "Dr. Drew" is tops! If it would be possible, I think a complete book about him would be a sell-out. "Young King Cole" is the next best in line but I think there could be more plot to his stories. As for "Homer K. Beagle," "terrible"! The situations he gets into are too impossible and I don't think anybody could be as dumb as he. The only real objection I have to your book is the cover never characterizes anybody but Young King Cole and it gets awful

monotonous looking at the same person.

An old fan and reader,
Dwight Wilson
Farmersville, Calif.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the December issue of YOUNG KING COLE. However, I think he is good but not good enough to be in detective stories. I like "Toni Gayle" the best of them all because she is more interesting. I don't like "Homer K. Beagle" at all because I think he acts a little goofy. Don't forget Toni Gayle in the next issue.

Sincerely yours,
Roberta Smith
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished your December issue of YOUNG KING COLE comics and it is pretty good except for that dope Homer K. Beagle. He is no detective. He never really solves a crime; it always happens by accident. You would have a much better book if you would put a detective in his place; otherwise, you have a fine book. I like especially "Boitram the Boiglar." Well, I have to sign off for now.

A very faithful reader,
William Becker
St. Louis 20, Mo.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished the November issue. The best one in the bunch is "Toni Gayle." She is very romantic. I also like the alligator wrestling too. I love all of the characters and "Young King Cole."

All my friends come to my house every night wanting to borrow YOUNG KING COLE funny books. I have around fifty comics about him.

Yours,
Jimmy Williamson
Swainsboro, N. C.

Dear Editors:

In giving you my opinion of YOUNG KING COLE, I frankly don't care a rap about "Young King Cole" because he is so dull.

But "Toni Gayle" and "Dr. Drew" are tops. Except for this criticism your book is fine.

A true reader,
Rosa Lee Orsbon
St. Petersburg, Fla.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO YOUNG KING COLE, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

YOUNG KING COLE



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

HAS KING CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN OF SOLVING THE BAFFLING CASE OF THE MASKED BANK BANDIT? OR IS IT JUST ANOTHER OF THE YOUNG SLEUTH'S SPINE-CHILLING BATTLES WITH THE UNDERWORLD? WHAT A PREDICAMENT KING GETS INTO. BUT, START THE STORY HERE...



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Phillip M. Noonan, Assistant Manager
Mel Samuels, Art Director; Alfred V. Page, Art Consultants

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HE ALWAYS WEARS A MASK. WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

SORRY I CAN'T HELP, BRANNIGAN. I MUST LEAVE FOR BIG CITY SOON.

CALLING CAR 9. CALLING CAR 9!

WHUP! THERE'S A CALL FROM HEADQUARTERS!

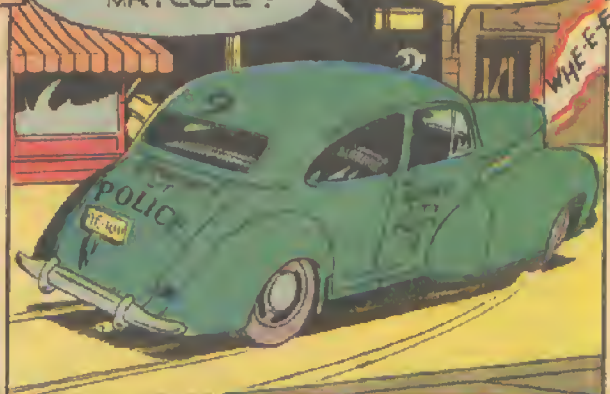


PROCEED TO PRAIRIE CITY EXCHANGE BANK, MASKED MAN REPORTED HOLDING IT UP. HURRY!

THE EXCHANGE BANK IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. WANT TO JOIN THE PARTY, MR. COLE?

I'M NOT ARMED, BUT COUNT ME IN, BRANNIGAN.

CHECK! I'M ON MY WAY!



THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE BANK.

OUT OF THE WAY, SONNY, YOU'LL GET HURT.

HE'S STILL INSIDE!

THE ROBBER DASHES FROM THE BANK AS KING AND BRANNIGAN REACH THE TOP STEP.

DROP THAT PEA-SHOOTER, COPPER!

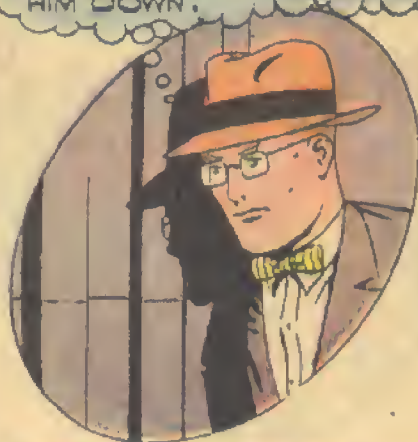


AS THE ROBBER DROPS BRANNIGAN, KING SLIPS BEHIND A PILLAR.



WHEW! HE'S FAST ON THE TRIGGER, BUT HE CAN'T SHOOT THROUGH THIS STONE PILLAR.

HE WON'T BE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE FROM THE REAR NOW. MAYBE I CAN BRING HIM DOWN.



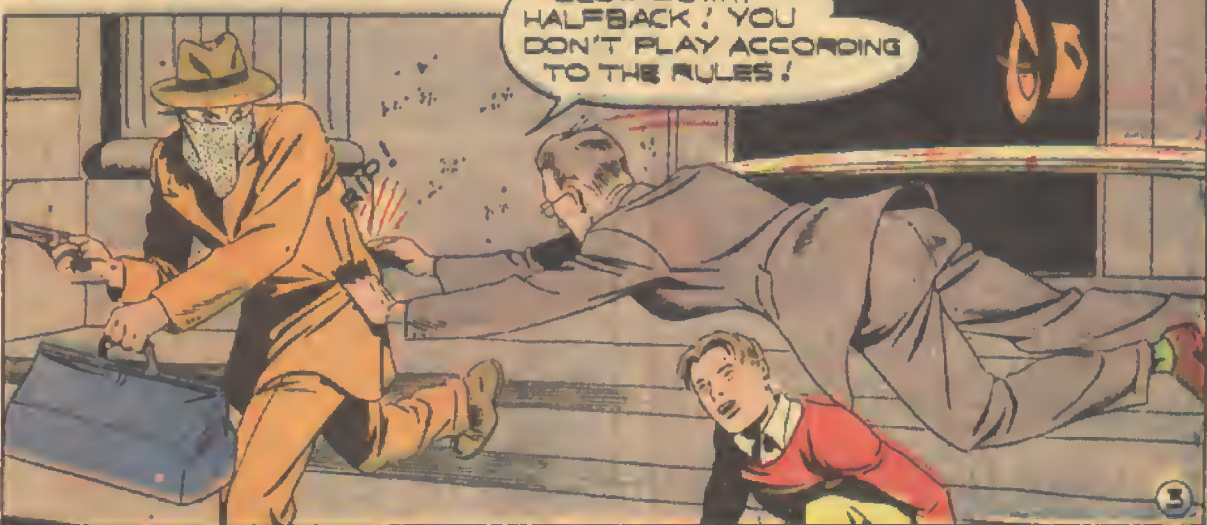
AS KING DARTS DOWN THE STEPS AFTER THE FLEEING ROBBER, THE FRIGHTENED BOY, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GUNFIRE, DASHES DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF KING!



GULP! DON'T SHOOT ME!

LOOK OUT!

I'LL CRASH INTO HIM AND THE BANDIT WILL ESCAPE, UNLESS...



SLOW DOWN, HALFBACK! YOU DON'T PLAY ACCORDING TO THE RULES!

Q The Parthenon is a famous Greek building. What is the Pantheon?

KING SPRAWLS ON THE SIDEWALK AS THE BANDIT ESCAPES.

SOME TRY, BUT YOU MISSED, PUNK! GO BACK TO THE SCRUBS.



AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY, THE ROBBER FIRES A PARTING SHOT.

TAKE THAT FOR RIPPING MY POCKET!

BANG!



HE GOT AWAY... AND WE STILL HAVEN'T SEEN HIS FACE!

NO, BUT THIS SNAPSHOT FELL OUT OF HIS TORN POCKET. IT'S OUR FIRST CLUE!

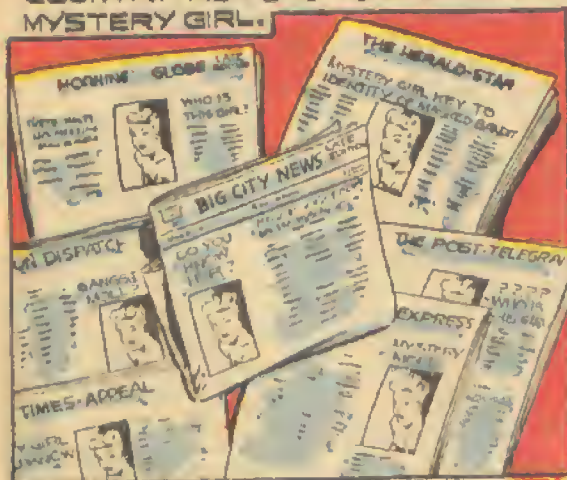


I DON'T LIKE BEING SHOT AT, BRANNIGAN! FROM HERE ON IN, THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY IS AFTER THAT

BANDIT. WE'LL PLASTER THE COUNTRY WITH THIS GIRL'S FACE UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO SHE IS! SHE MUST KNOW WHO OUR MAN IS!



SOON, PAPERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY RUN STORIES ON THE MYSTERY GIRL.



MISS NORLAND? I'M CARL WITE, HEAD OF THE SNAPSHOT BEAUTY CONTEST.

IN BIG CITY, AT THE COLE AGENCY HEADQUARTERS, IRIS NORLAND RECEIVES A WELCOME VISITOR.

YES, MR. WITE?

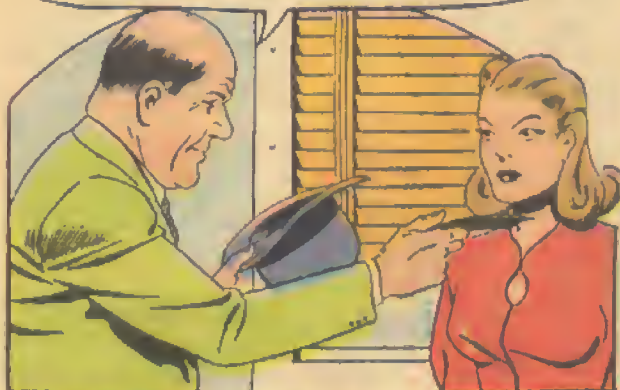


A... The Pantheon is a famous Italian building.

THIS SNAPSHOT WAS SENT TO ME AS A CONTEST ENTRY. IT'S A DUPLICATE OF THE ONE PUBLISHED IN THE PAPERS. THE MYSTERY GIRL'S NAME IS BONNIE DELL.

GOOD! DO YOU KNOW WHERE MR. COLE CAN LOCATE MISS DELL?

HER ADDRESS IS ON THE BACK, MISS NORLAND... 5 MAIN STREET, WINDY GROVE, TEXAS.



MR. SUMMONS URSUS GRAHAM FROM HIS OFFICE.

WE OWE MR. WITE A VOTE OF THANKS, URSE. HE HAS IDENTIFIED THE MYSTERY GIRL.

SWELL. I'LL PHONE KING IN TEXAS.

SOON...

FLY DOWN HERE WITH WHIP, URSE. I MAY NEED YOU. MEANWHILE, I'LL LOOK UP THE DELL GIRL OVER IN WINDY GROVE. S'LONG.



GLAD TO BE OF HELP, ER... GOOD DAY.



KING DRIVES OVER TO WINDY GROVE, POPULATION 90 PEOPLE, 2000 CATTLE.

IF MISS DELL WORKED HERE AS A HIRED GIRL, HOW IS IT YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER IN THE NEWSPAPERS?

DON'T GET PAPERS BUT ONCE A WEEK, 'SIDES, THE GAL RAN OUT ON ME. DON'T WANT NO MORE TO DO WITH HER, MISTER!

YOU MEAN BONNIE DELL HAS DISAPPEARED?

YEP! WHEN I COME HOME T'OTHER DAY, SHE HAD LIT OUT! LEFT HER ROOM IN AN AWFUL MESS BESIDES!



Q Complete: "My ___ lies over the ocean." Hint: See Picture 1.

I'M AFRAID SHE MAY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED, MA'AM. MAY I SEARCH HER ROOM?

SURE, GO AHEAD.

SOON...

SOMEBODY TORE THIS PLACE TO PIECES ALL RIGHT! LOOKS AS IF THE BANDIT WAS AFRAID NOT ONLY THAT MISS BONNIE DELL MIGHT TALK, BUT ALSO THAT HER POSSESSIONS MIGHT CONTAIN SOME CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'VE COMBED THIS PLACE THOROUGHLY... NO PICTURES, NO LETTERS, NOTHING! NO WAY OF TELLING WHOM BONNIE SENT HER SNAPSHOT TO. AND IF SHE KEPT A DIARY, IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN... OR STOLEN!

KING OPENS THE "COOK BOOK" AND FINDS...

THE DIARY! I GUESS SHE DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY LOOKING THROUGH IT, SO SHE DISGUISED IT!

KING OPENS THE DIARY AND SEES...

Yesterday.
Sept. 9th.
I had a copy made of the snapshot, and sent one to the Beauty Court in Big City, and the other to uncle Sid. I hope he likes it.
Sept 10th
Went to the movies with Thelma. The White Swan. good show.
Sept 12th
dict. but sh
Sept 13th
no entry
Sept 13th
Haven't h yet but in a day or not

SO, BONNIE'S UNCLE SID IS THE ONLY ONE WHO RECEIVED HER PHOTOGRAPH, THEN HE MUST BE OUR MAN. BUT HOW TO LOCATE HIM? IF WE ONLY HAD A SNAPSHOT OF HIM! AH, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! IT MIGHT WORK!

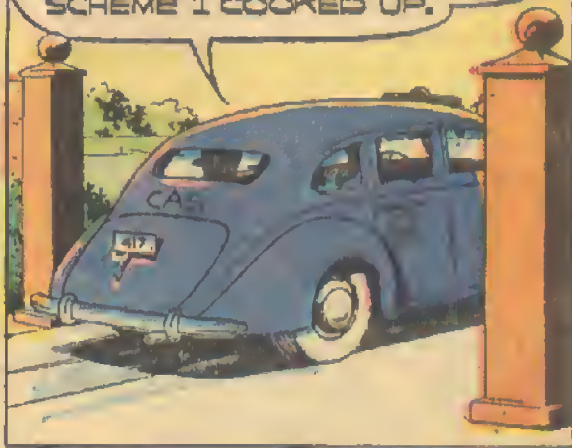
A No. 2. "My bonnie lies over the ocean." This is a line from a familiar song.

A FEW HOURS LATER, KING MEETS URSUS GRAHAM AND WHIP STEELE AT PRAIRIE CITY AIRPORT.

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME SMOKE OUT THE BANDIT.



FIRST, TO THE BROADCASTING STUDIO. THE LOCAL STATION IS GOING ALONG WITH A LITTLE SCHEME I COOKED UP.



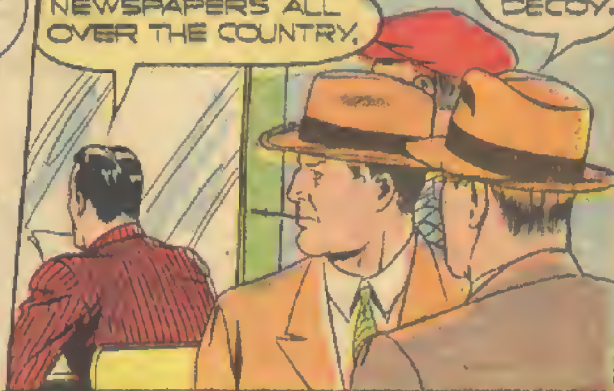
AT THE STATION...

FLASH! YOUNG KING COLE, YOUTHFUL HEAD OF THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY, HAS FOUND AN ALBUM CONTAINING PICTURES OF BONNIE DELL'S MYSTERIOUS "UNCLE SID," NOW THOUGHT TO BE THE MASKED BANK BANDIT.



COLE IS ABOUT TO TAKE THE SNAPSHOTS TO THE PRAIRIE CITY PRESS BUILDING FOR PUBLICATION IN NEWSPAPERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

GET THE IDEA, WHIP? I'M SETTING MYSELF UP AS A DECOY.



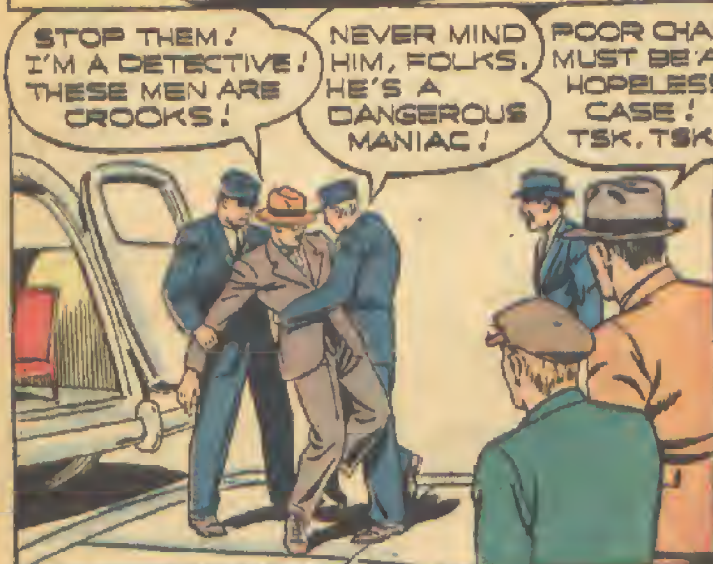
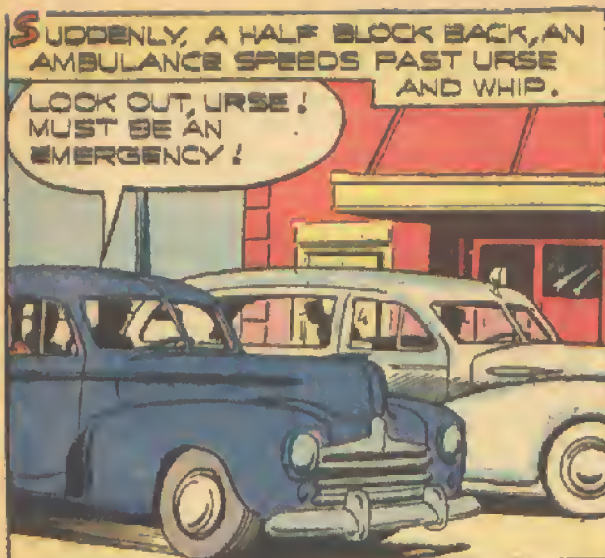
I'LL WALK TO THE PRESS BUILDING CARRYING A PHONY ALBUM. BUT YOU AND URSE WILL TAIL ME IN A SLOW-MOVING CAR.

RIGHT. WHEN SOMEBODY TRIES TO SNATCH THE ALBUM OR YOU, WE'LL WHIP INTO ACTION.

SOON...

HUMPH. I'M ALMOST TO THE PRESS BUILDING AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED. MAYBE MY HUNCH WAS WRONG!





KING IS FORCED INTO THE AMBULANCE AND IT SPEEDS AWAY, WITH URSE'S CAR IN SWIFT PURSUIT. A TRAFFIC LIGHT TURNS RED...



AND A POLICEMAN WAVES THE AMBULANCE THROUGH. URSE TRIES TO FOLLOW...

A NOTE. His plane, called the Independence, is a DC-6.



YEAH, AND I JUST SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL! LET'S SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS.

THE POLICEMAN EXAMINES THEIR CREDENTIALS.

THEY'RE OKAY. SORRY I HELD YOU UP, GENTS

THE AMBULANCE IS GONE NOW. BACK TO THE AGENCY, URSE. WE'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM.



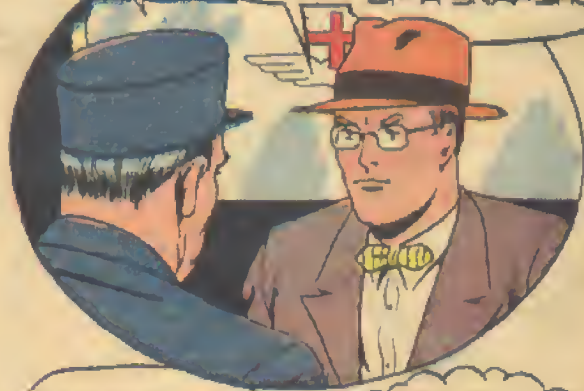
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SPEEDING AMBULANCE...

#*!@X! SO I STAGED THIS CLASSY SNATCH FOR A PHONY ALBUM! BAH!

YOU ARE "UNCLE SID" AREN'T YOU?

SURE I AM! SO WHAT?

I WASN'T SURE YOU'D FALL FOR THE TRICK! AFTER ALL, IT MIGHT'VE TAKEN YEARS TO TRACE YOU EVEN WITH THE HELP OF A SNAPSHOT.

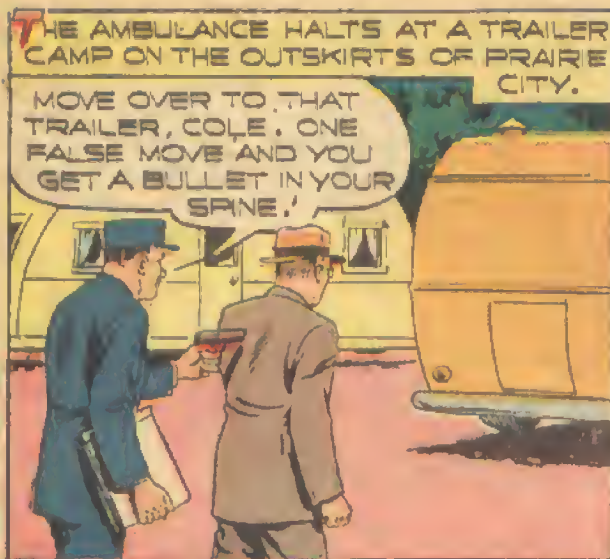


NOT WITH A BEAK LIKE THIS! IF AN ALARM WENT OUT FOR ME WITH PICTURES, I'D BE A DEAD DUCK! ONCE ANYBODY SEES MY NOSE, THEY DON'T FORGET IT!

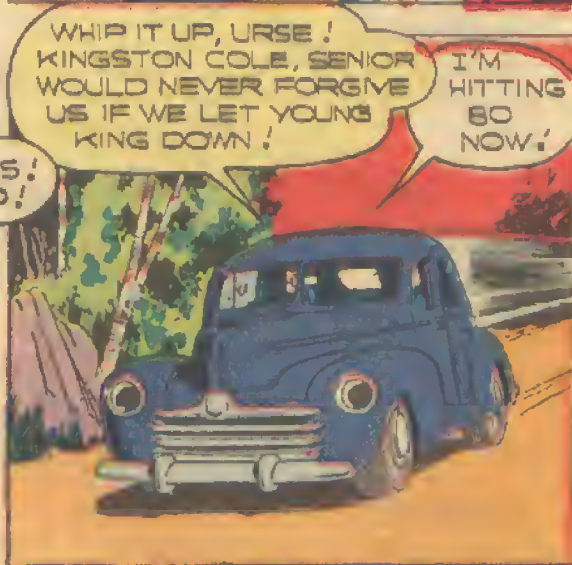
WHICH IS WHY YOU AND MY PRECIOUS NIECE AIN'T GONNA LIVE MUCH LONGER!

GOOD! SHE'S STILL ALIVE! MAYBE I CAN SAVE HER... AND MYSELF!

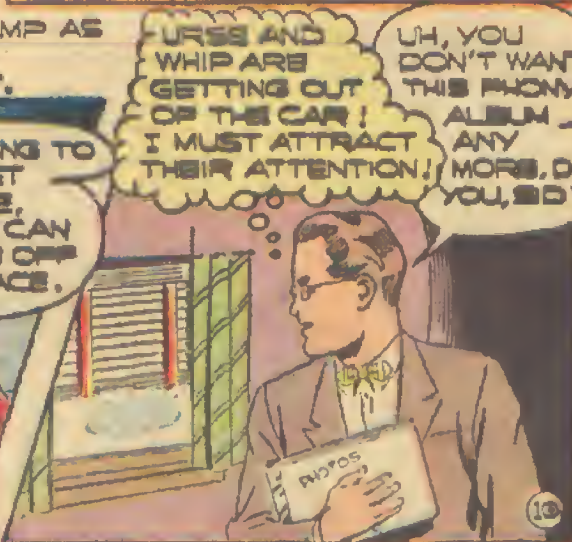
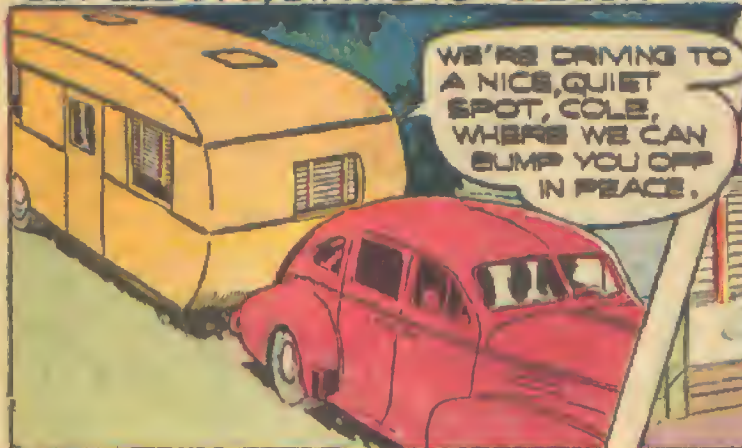




AT THE COLE AGENCY, WHIP AND URSUS TUNE IN ON POLICE CALLS.



WHIP AND URSUS ARRIVE AT THE CAMP AS THE TRAILER, DRIVEN BY SID'S CONFEDERATE, STARTS TO PULL OUT.

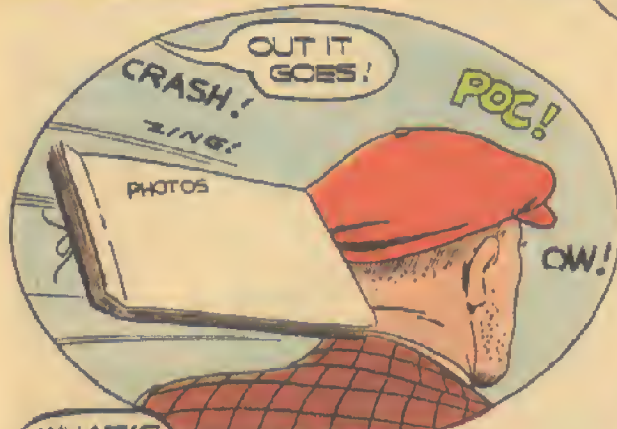


A This narrow sea separates England and France. It varies in width from 20 to 100 miles.

WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, FROM SID, KING HURLS THE ALBUM THROUGH THE TRAILER WINDOW.

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

CLAM UP, URSE. IT'S KING'S ALBUM. HE MUST BE IN THAT TRAILER THAT JUST PULLED AWAY.



OUT IT GOES!

CRASH!

PHOTOS

POC!

OW!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BREAKING THE WINDOW, PUNK? SINCE YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, YOU'LL GET YOUR BULLET RIGHT NOW! RAISE YOUR HANDS!

WAIT YOUR TURN, NITWIT. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

HM-M-M. THIS BED BESIDE ME SWINGS DOWN FROM THE WALL.



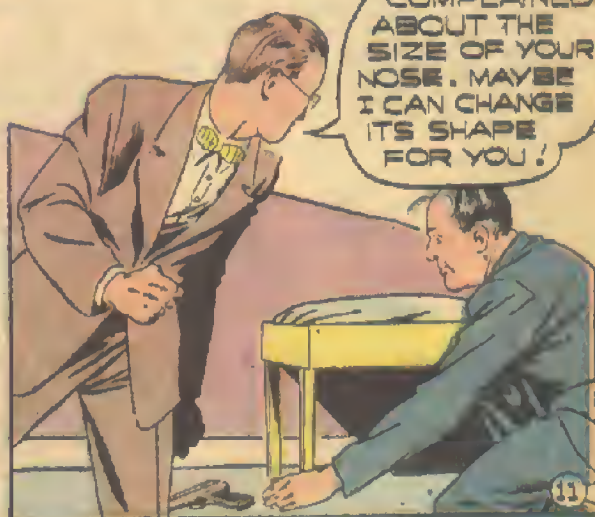
NO, UNCLE SID! DON'T! DON'T!



SUDDENLY, KING YANKS THE BED DOWN!



GO TO SLEEP, SID!



YOU'VE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE SIZE OF YOUR NOSE. MAYBE I CAN CHANGE ITS SHAPE FOR YOU!

Q No. 5. Who is the hero of the novel "A Tale of Two Cities"? There's a clue in Picture 1.

SID COMES ERECT, GUN IN HAND, AND KING DELIVERS HIS SUNDAY PUNCH.

LET'S PLAY "TAPS" ON THAT BUGLE!

TUNK!

YOUR UNCLE'S OUT COLD, MISS DELL. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

MEANWHILE, URSE AND WHIP DRAW AHEAD OF THE CAR PULLING THE TRAILER. WHIP TAKES CAREFUL AIM.

PULL OVER, CHUM, QUICK!

WHIP MARCHES OVER BACK TO THE TRAILER.

YOU'RE TOO LATE. I BET. SID'S A KILLER WITH THAT GUN. YOUR BOSS'S PROBABLY DEAD.

IF KING IS HARMED, I'LL ...

HI, BOYS. SORRY I HAD TO KONK YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH THE PHOTO ALBUM, URSE. SEE YOU AND WHIP GOT THE POINT.

YOU'RE A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, KING! YOUR OLD MAN'LL BE PROUD OF YOU!

LATER...

COME ON, KING THE PLANE TO BIG CITY IS WAITING.

GOOD LUCK IN THE BEAUTY CONTEST, MISS DELL. YOU DESERVE A FEW "GOOD BREAKS" FOR A CHANGE.

12

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U. S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

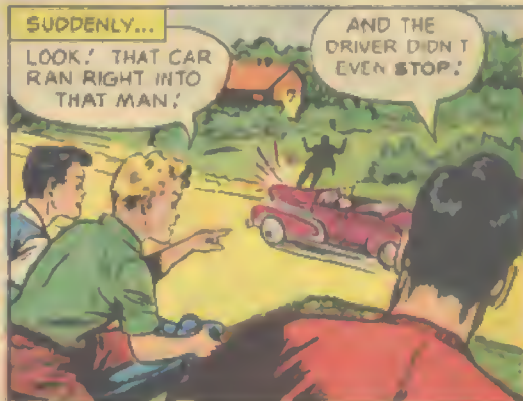
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



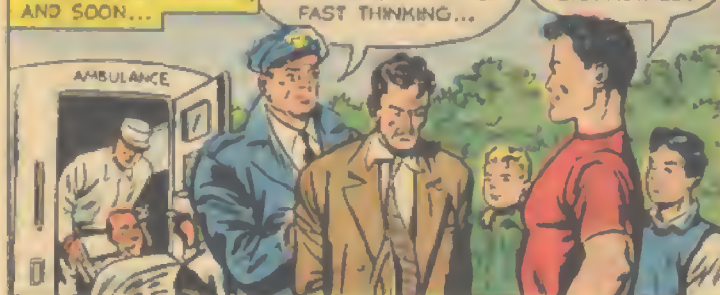
U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS.



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH ITS SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

TONI GAYLE

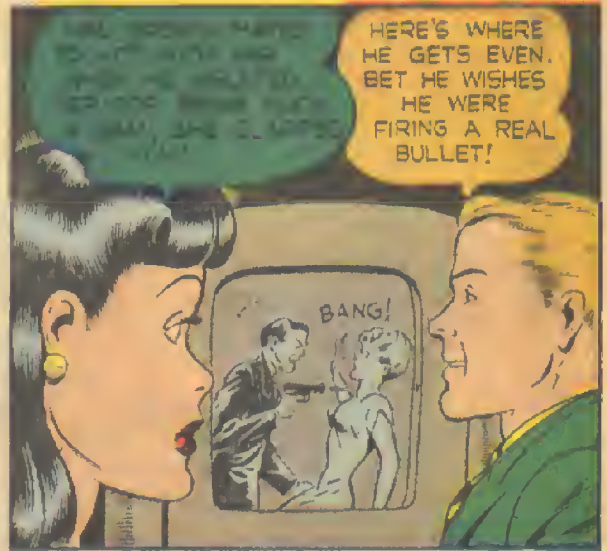


YOUNG KING COLE

SIX MONTHS AGO, MARY LAKE WAS A HOUSEMAID. NOW SHE'S GETTING A FLOCK OF GOOD ROLES IN TELEVISION PLAYS EVEN THOUGH SHE'S AN AWFUL ACTRESS! WHY?



HERE'S WHERE HE GETS EVEN. BET HE WISHES HE WERE FIRING A REAL BULLET!



OOOH! I'M DYING!

WHO... THAT'S A... DEATH SCENE!

YIPE!!



MARY BLAKE COULDN'T POSSIBLY ACT THAT WELL! SHE'S REALLY BEEN SHOT! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

DON'T BE DULL, TONI! IT'S ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE!



CHEE! MAYBE SHE'LL NEED ME!

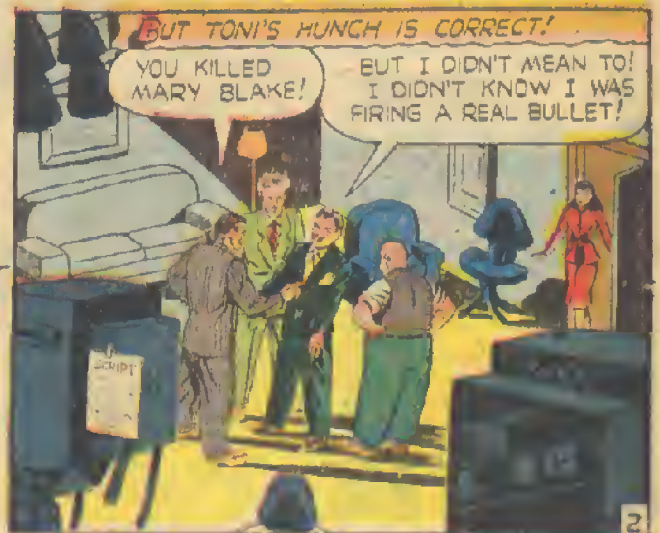
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BIFF! SHE'LL BE BACK FROM HER WILD GOOSE CHASE IN A FEW MINUTES!



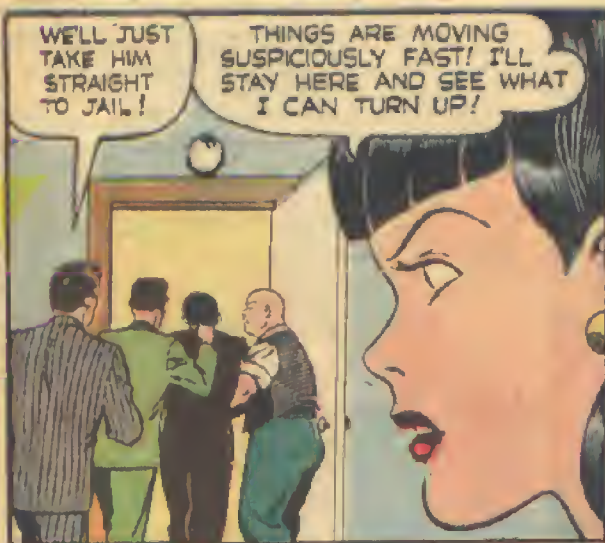
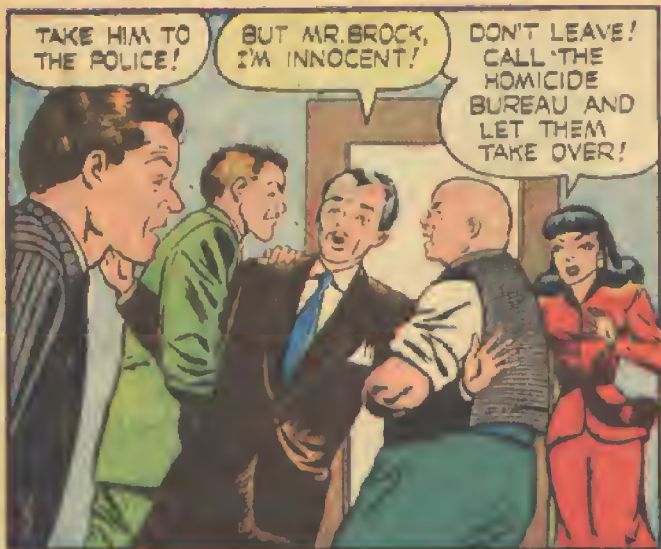
BUT TONI'S HUNCH IS CORRECT!

YOU KILLED MARY BLAKE!

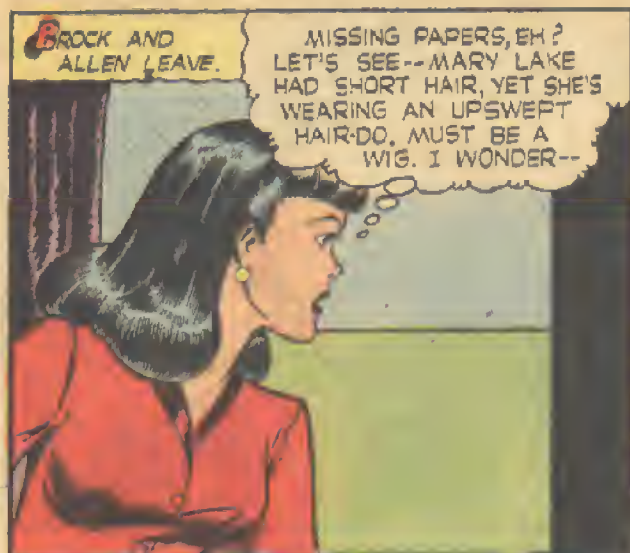
BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS FIRING A REAL BULLET!

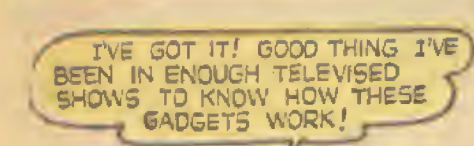


Q No. 6. What do you do when you (a) put in your oar, (b) face the music?



A ... You (a) intrude, (b) take what is coming to you.

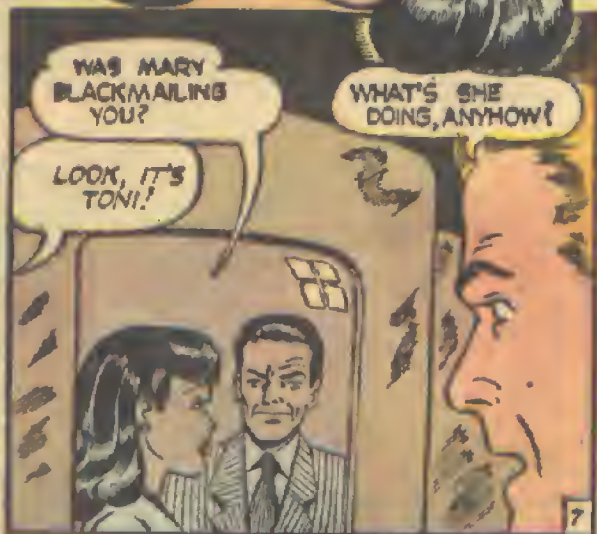


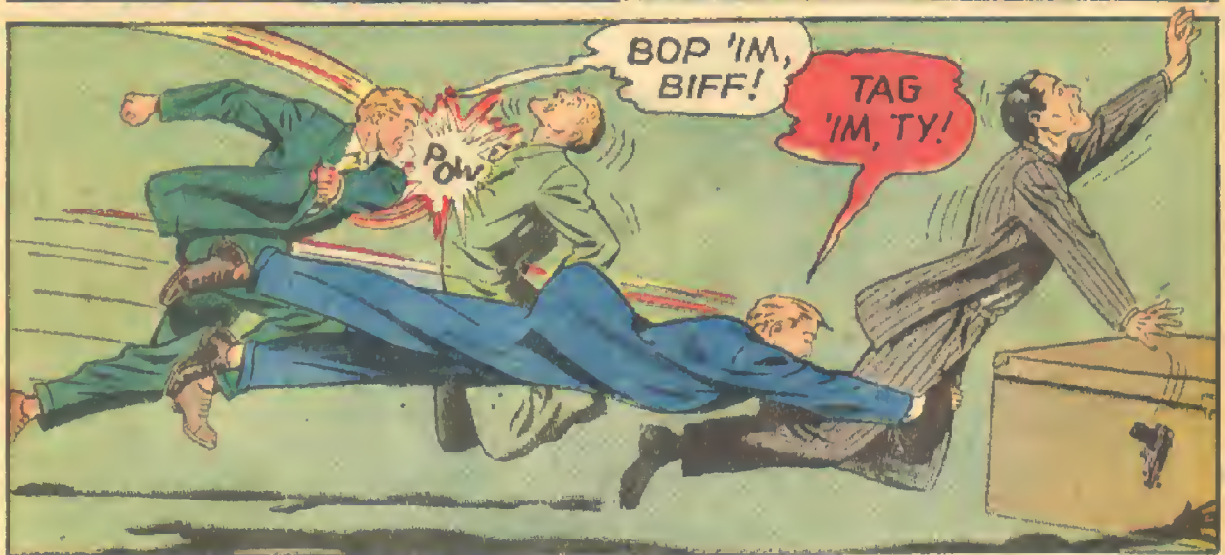
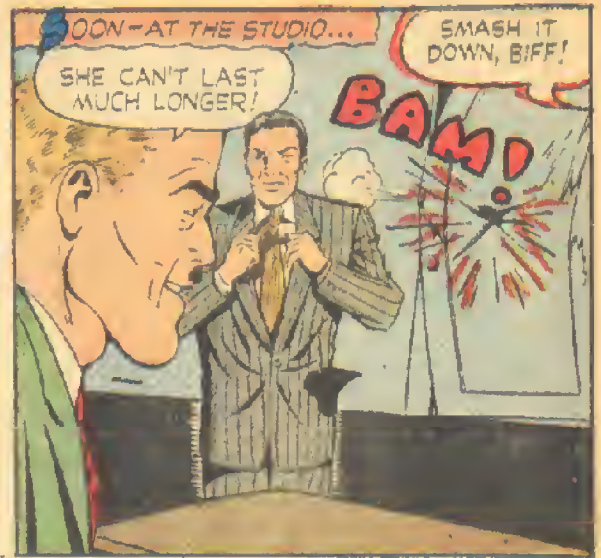
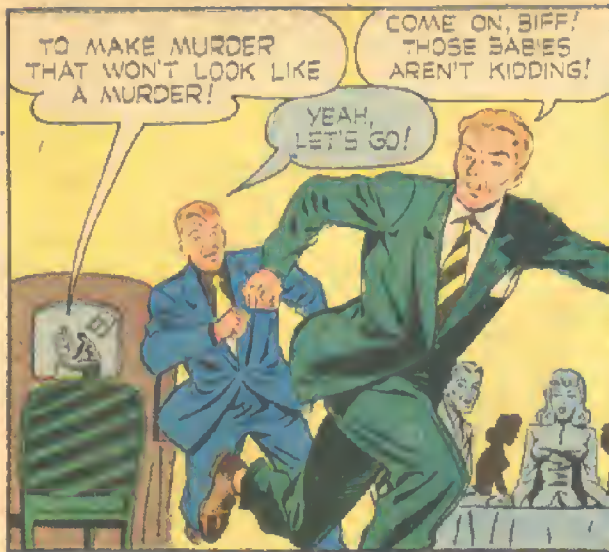


BEFORE BROCK AND ALLEN RECOVER, TONI PUTS THE STATION ON THE AIR!









YOUNG KING COLE

3 IN 1 AIR PISTOL

\$3.49
3 for \$9.50

Sorry, No C.O.D. Orders at These Dash Prices

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The Darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be **YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.**

Ruggedly Built, Full Size Gun, Modeled After Famous Target Pistol

A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 2 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP. WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.**

Silent Shooting—Economical to Operate. Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. Sorry, no C.O.D. orders.

SPORTSMAN JR. 3-in-1 AIR PISTOL ONLY \$3.49 EACH; 3 for \$9.50

BB's, Regular package, 3 packages for.....	25c
177 PELLETS, 500 for.....	\$1.50
STEEL DARTS, Per package.....	35c
PAPER TARGETS.....	25 for 10c; 100 for 25c

Rush Your Order!

SPORTSMAN JR. AIR PISTOL

Shoots BB's Darts Pellets

AT LAST—AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE. Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL, either **INDOORS or OUTDOORS.** A great gun that will give you hours and hours of fun.

Shoots BB's, 177 Pellets or Darts

It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The Darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be **YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.**

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A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 2 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP. WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.**

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SPORTSMAN JR. 3-in-1 AIR PISTOL ONLY \$3.49 EACH; 3 for \$9.50

JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY
Dept. B-201 Detroit 7, Michigan



LARRY BRODERICK

DETECTIVE

FOREVER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE MURDERERS OF HIS FATHER, LARRY BRODERICK, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, GETS HIS FIRST CLUE, AS HE SOLVES..

The Case of The Poison Pearl

LARRY IS TAKING CYNTHIA RANDOLPH TO MRS. STEPHEN CRANE'S PARTY.

THE LIGHTS ARE ON IN TONY BEDFORD'S LAB. LET'S STOP AND TAKE HIM ALONG!

EEEEK!

Q ... Who wrote "The Red Badge of Courage"? Hint: See Picture 2.

YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED, CYNTHIA. THE PANTHER HAS ONLY FIVE SECONDS TO LIVE!



I GAVE THE BEAST AN INJECTION CREATED FROM ASP VENOM. I'LL LUG THE CARCASS INSIDE FOR DISSECTION TOMORROW. AND THEN I'LL BE WITH YOU!

HE'S ANTHONY K. BEDFORD, MRS. CRANE'S BROTHER. OWNS HALF THE BEDFORD CHEMICAL FORTUNE. TONY'S AN AUTHORITY ON POISON!

WHY DID YOU POISON THE PANTHER, BEDFORD?

EXPERIMENTATION. THE BEAST HAD KILLED A DOZEN NATIVES BEFORE HE WAS CAPTURED!

MEANWHILE, AT A NEAR-BY HOUSE, DR. CRANE IS LEAVING HIS PATIENT!

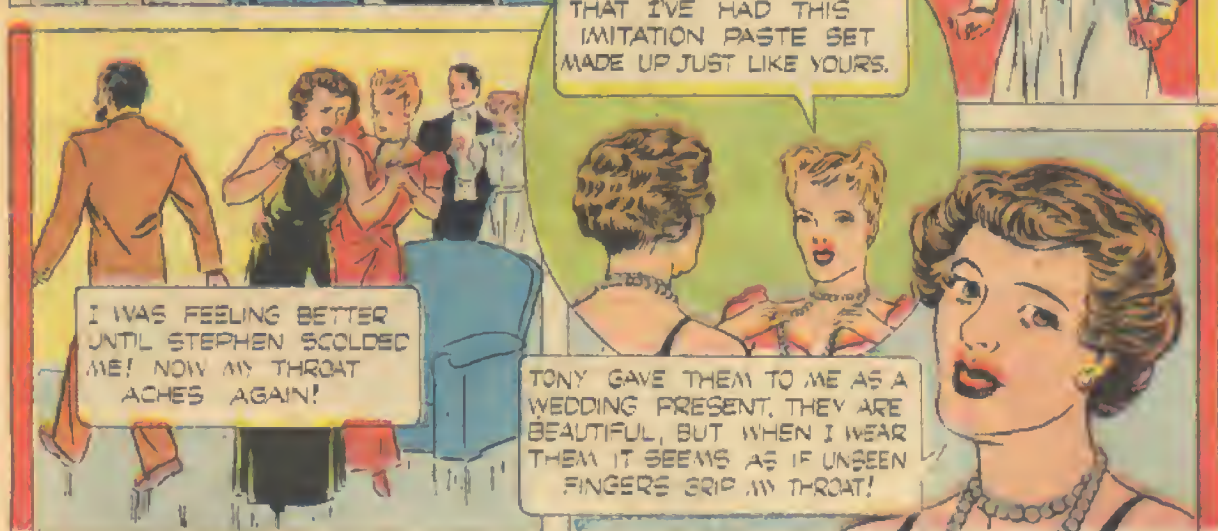
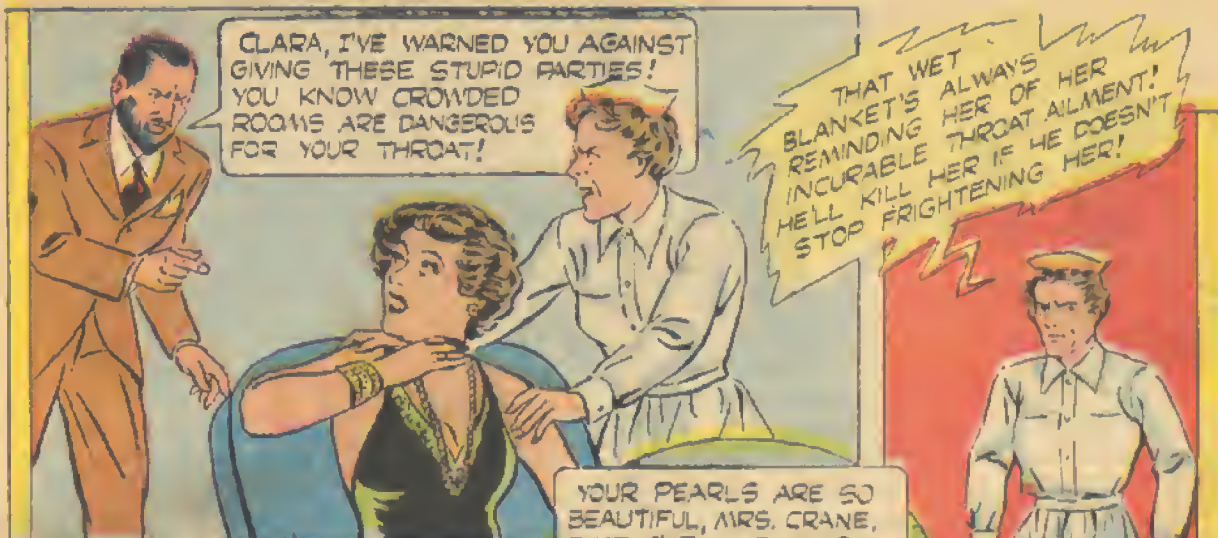
WHERE'S THAT PHONY HUSBAND OF YOURS, MY DEAR SISTER?

DR. STEPHEN IS ON AN EMERGENCY CALL. HE'LL BE HERE SHORTLY.

DON'T PHONE THE HOUSE ANYMORE, HONEY. IT CAUSES TROUBLE!

BUT, STEVEY, DEAR! I LOVE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!

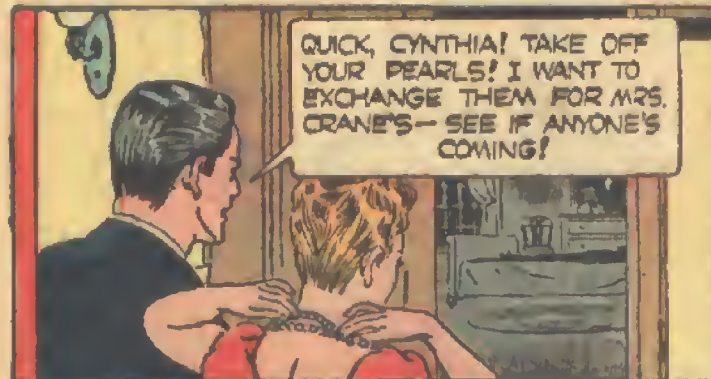
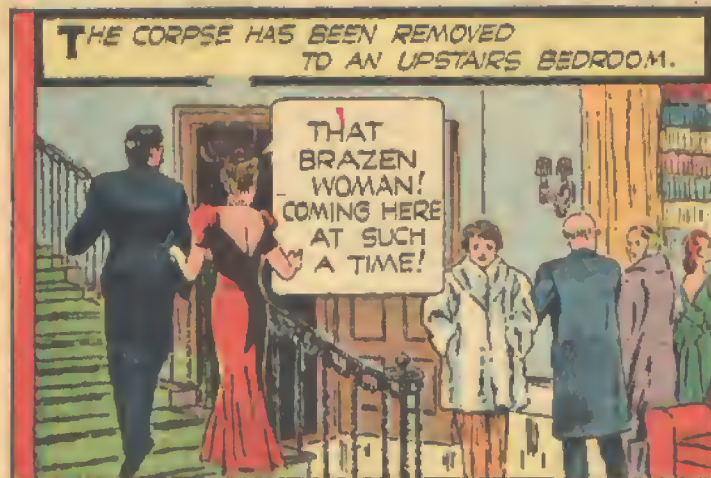
DR. CRANE HAS ARRIVED, MADAME!

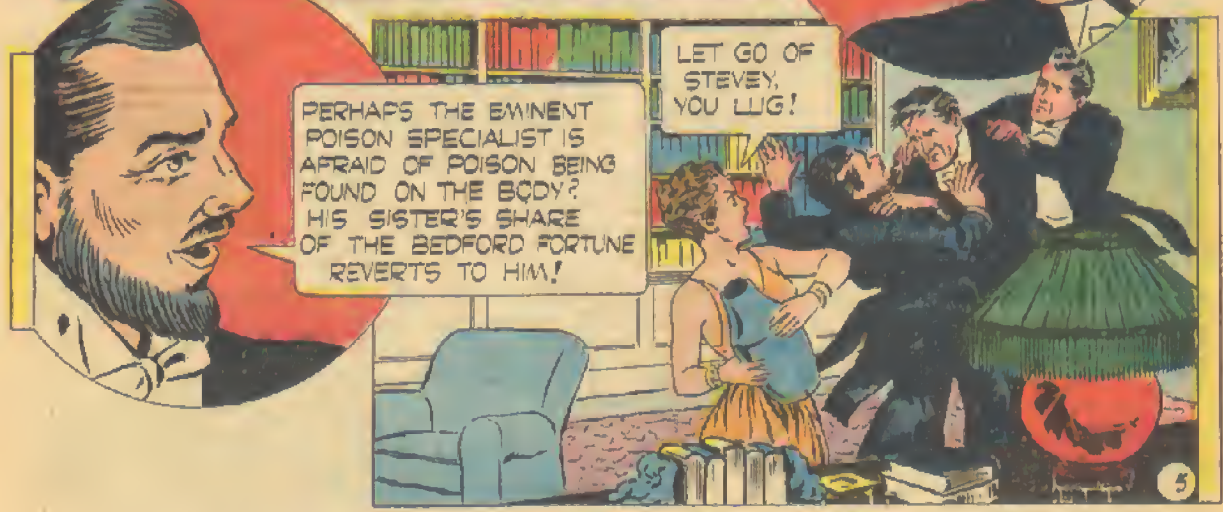
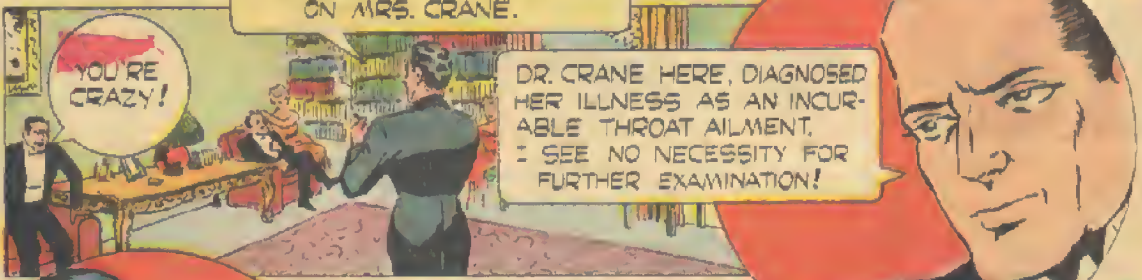
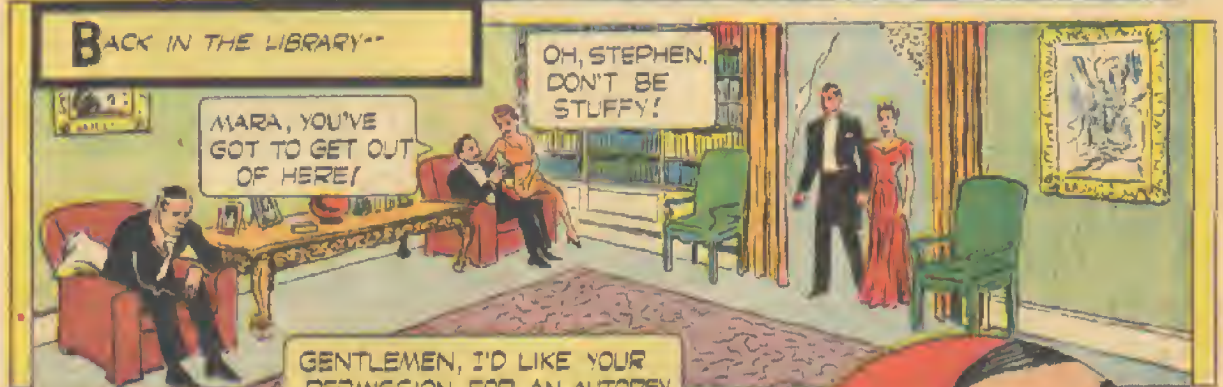
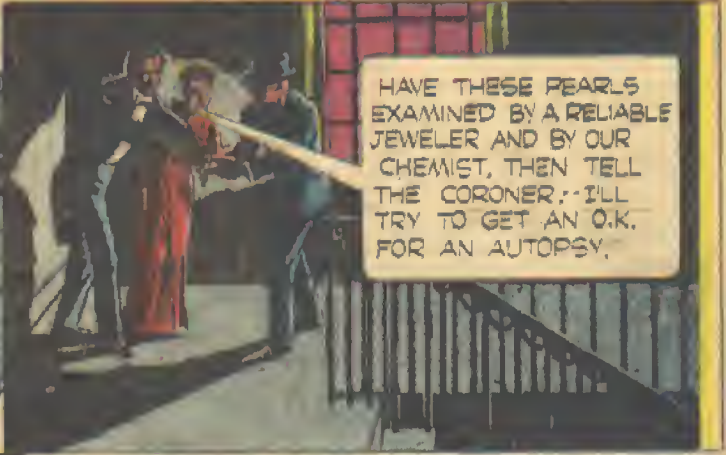


Q 10 What one noun means both a bird and a machine for lifting heavy weights?



YOU KILLED HER YOURSELF, YOU QUACK! YOU SCARED HER TO DEATH BY ALWAYS HARPING ABOUT HER THROAT!





Q No. 11. In what movie do Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby appear as doctors?

YOU TWO ACCUSE EACH OTHER OF MURDER. THERE'S A RED DISCOLORATION ON YOUR SISTER'S THROAT. SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEWHERE!

ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD WITH YOUR AUTOPSY!

THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF MRS. CRANE! SHE'S WEARING THE FAMOUS PEARLS!

THE PORTRAIT WAS DONE BY CARL SHELLEY. HE'S ONE OF AMERICA'S PERFECTIONISTS!

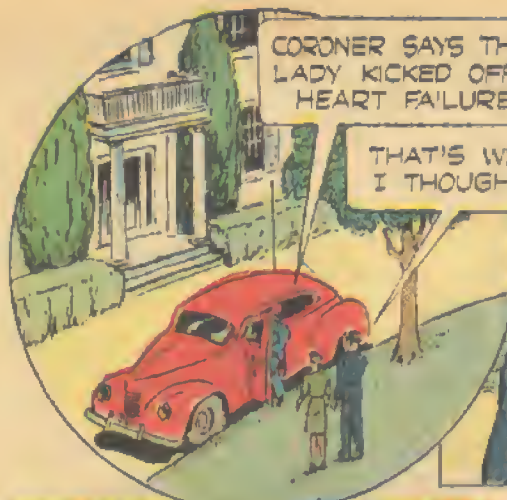
I'VE MADE HOT COFFEE FOR YOU. THEY'VE JUST TAKEN THE BODY TO THE MORGUE, MR. BRODERICK!

I'D LIKE TO POUR SOME OF THIS HOT COFFEE DOWN HIS FAT NECK!

HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE, STEVE. YOU LOOK TIRED.

AS DAY BREAKS, DETECTIVE LARKIN CARRIES REPORTS TO HIS PARTNER, WHICH WILL ENABLE HIM TO UNMASK THE MURDERER OF MRS. CRANE.





CORONER SAYS THAT THE OLD LADY KICKED OFF FROM HEART FAILURE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

HER THROAT DISCOLORATION WAS CAUSED BY SOME KIND OF IRRITANT, BUT IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HER DYING. THERE'S NO SIGN OF A THROAT AILMENT?

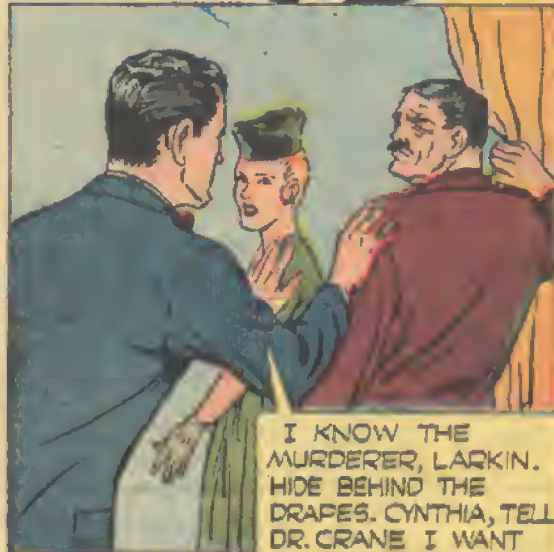


CORONER CALLED THE HEART SPECIALIST WHO WAS TREATING MRS. CRANE!

HE ASKED THE DOC ABOUT MRS. CRANE'S THROAT AILMENT. HE SAID SHE'D TOLD HIM ABOUT IT, AND HE BELIEVED IT, SINCE HER HUSBAND DIAGNOSED IT. HE'S RATED NO.1 THROAT SPECIALIST.



THE JEWELER STATED THAT THE PEARL WAS NO PEARL AT ALL, BUT A PIECE OF HOLLOW GLASS, WITH A POWDER IN THE CENTER, AND COVERED WITH A PEARL-COLORED ENAMEL.



I KNOW THE MURDERER, LARKIN. HIDE BEHIND THE DRAPES. CYNTHIA, TELL DR. CRANE I WANT TO SEE HIM.

Q — Change one letter of the word "pearl" and get an American Arctic explorer.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, BRODERICK?

YOU MURDERED YOUR WIFE, CRANE?

YOU'RE CRAZY! BEDFORD POISONED HER WITH THE PEARLS!

I ELIMINATED BEDFORD AFTER WE EXAMINED MRS. CRANE'S PORTRAIT, WHICH SHOWED THE PEARLS TO BE PERFECTLY MATCHED. HAD BEDFORD CHANGED THE PEARLS HE WOULD HAVE DISCREDITED SHELLY, INSTEAD OF SAYING HE WAS A PERFECTIONIST.

BEDFORD WAS AGAINST THE AUTOPSY BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS SISTER. YOU AGREED TO IT, THINKING BEDFORD WOULDN'T ALLOW IT. THAT PROVED BEDFORD DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE CENTER PEARL HAD BEEN CHANGED.

YOU WANTED HER DEAD, SO THAT YOU COULD MARRY THE OTHER WOMAN.

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE! I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!

YOU KILLED HER BY INSTILLING FEAR OF A FAKE INCURABLE THROAT AILMENT. YOU KNEW HER HEART WAS WEAK. YOU CONTINUALLY WORKED HER MIND, AND THAT BROUGHT ON THE HEART ATTACKS--THE LAST OF WHICH PROVED FATAL.



HAY-M-- HE'S DEAD!

IN MY--VAULT--BLUE PAPER-- NAMES OF MURDERERS OF YOUR FATHER --- OHH ---

LARRY BRODERICK GETS A CLUE IN HIS ATTEMPT TO TRACK DOWN THE MURDERERS OF HIS FATHER.... DON'T FAIL TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.... SEE HOW LARRY TANGLES WITH A POWERFUL, SAVAGE KILLER.

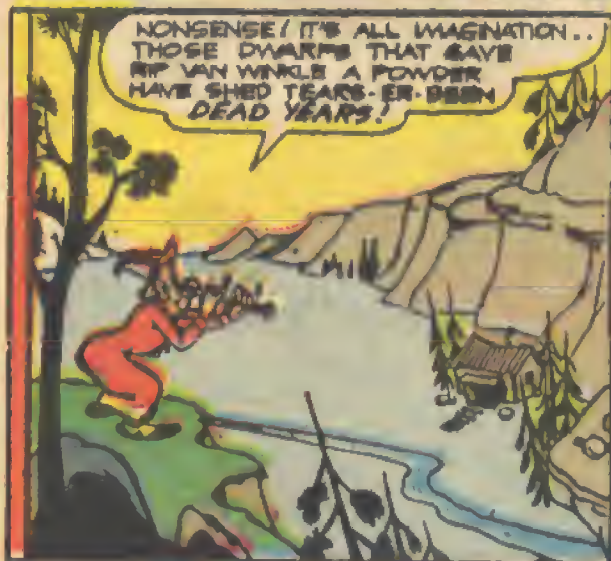
INSPECTOR KLOOZ



THAT VALLEY DOWN THERE WOULD MAKE A SWELL PLACE FOR THE VILLAIN TO SMIRK. ER... LURK!

RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE DWARFS HAVE BEEN DEADER'N FLIT-GUNNED FLIES FOR NIGH ONTO 200 YEARS, BUT WHEN THE OLD-TIMERS IN THE HILLS ABOVE THE HUDSON SHAKE AND SHUDDER OVER STRANGE SIGHTS AND EVEN STRANGER SOUNDS, IT'S HIGH TIME FOR THE POP-TRAINED...ER HOT-BRAINED DETECTIVE KLOOZ TO GET ON HIS BIFOCALS FOR THE BIGGEST FLOP. ER... JOB N HIS CAREER, ENTITLED *CRIME IN THE CATSKILLS!!*

JCA



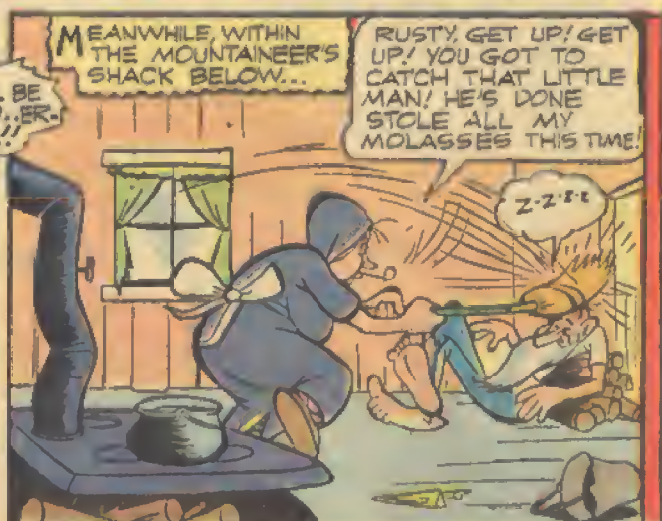
NONSENSE! IT'S ALL IMAGINATION... THOSE DWARFS THAT GAVE RIP VAN WINKLE A POWDER HAVE SHED TEARS-ER-BEEN DEAD YEARS!

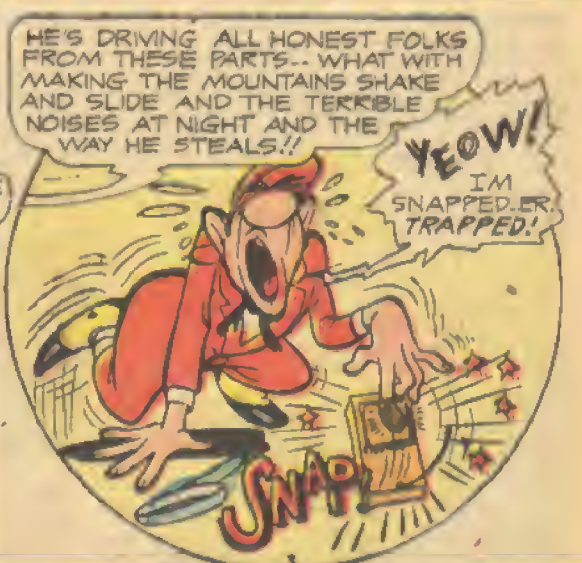
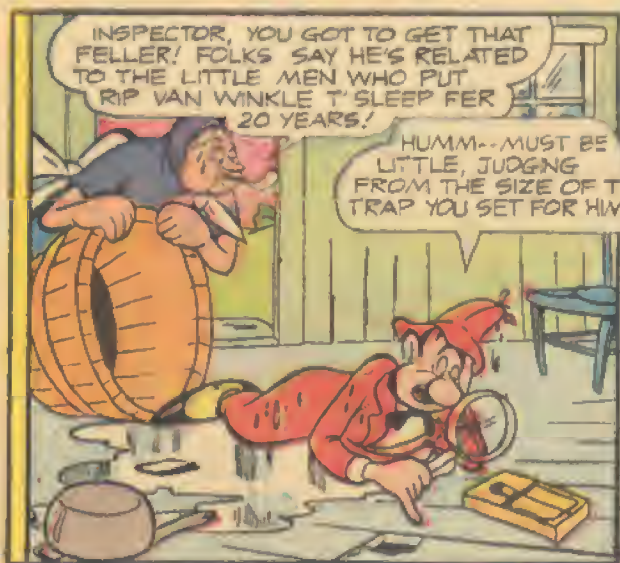
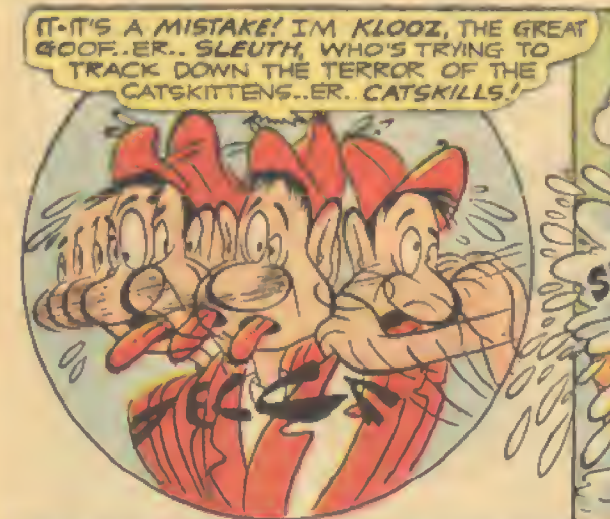
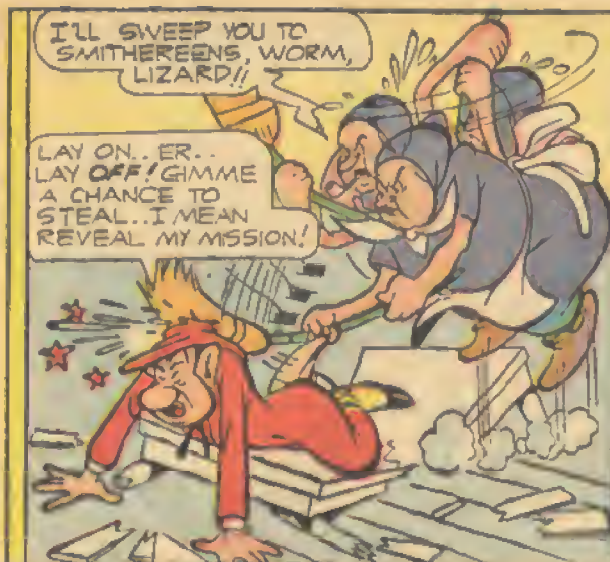


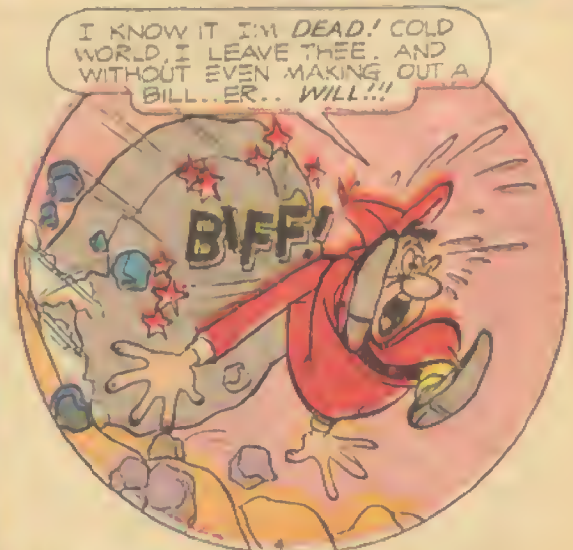
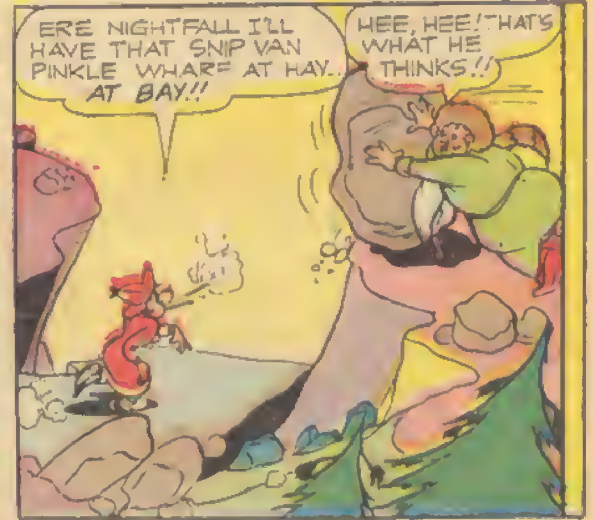
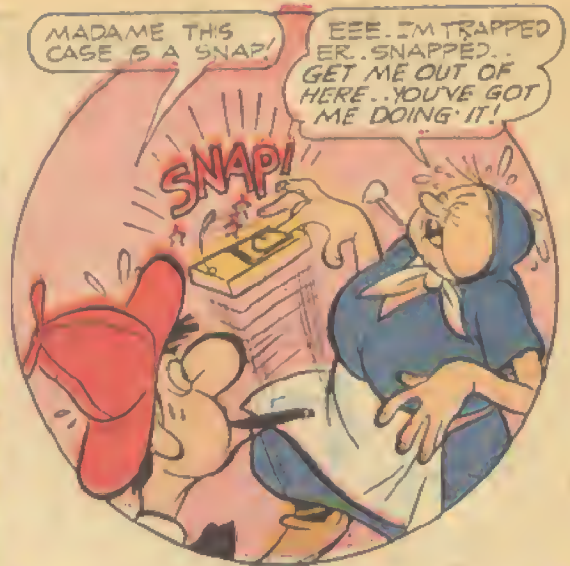
IF THEY HAD ANY SENSE, THEY'D FORGET ALL THESE DUNNY NOISES! NO REASON IN THE WORLD WHY PEOPLE SHOULD LEAVE THESE PARTS!

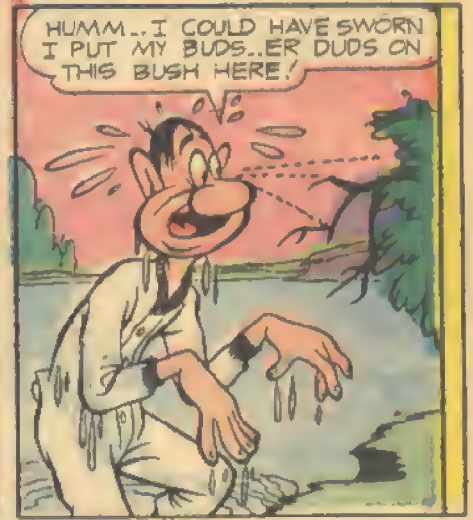
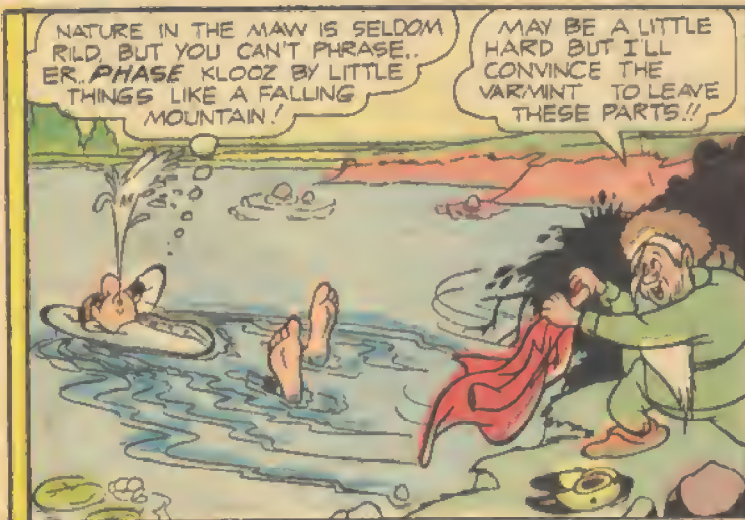
HEE, HEE! THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS SPINACH! BUT WE'LL LEARN HIM, WE WILL!!

Q - Goats cannot walk until they are one month old. True or false?

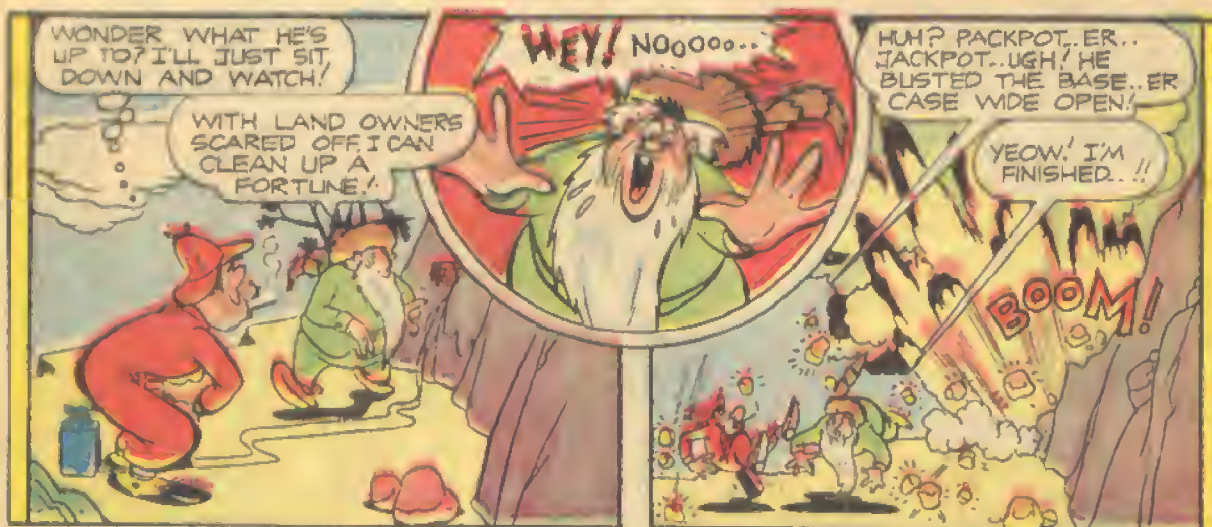


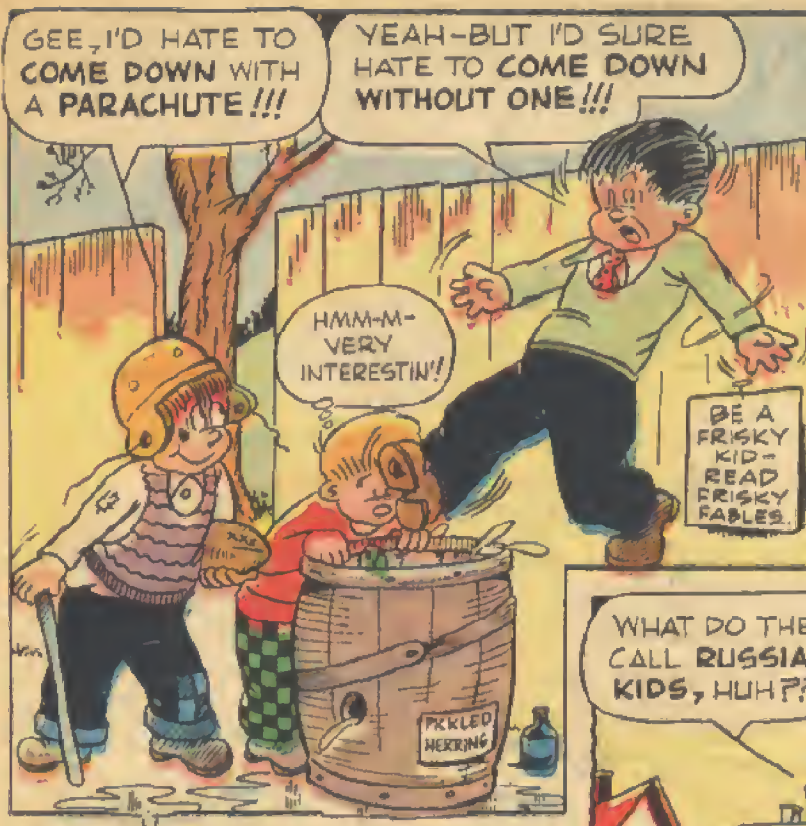






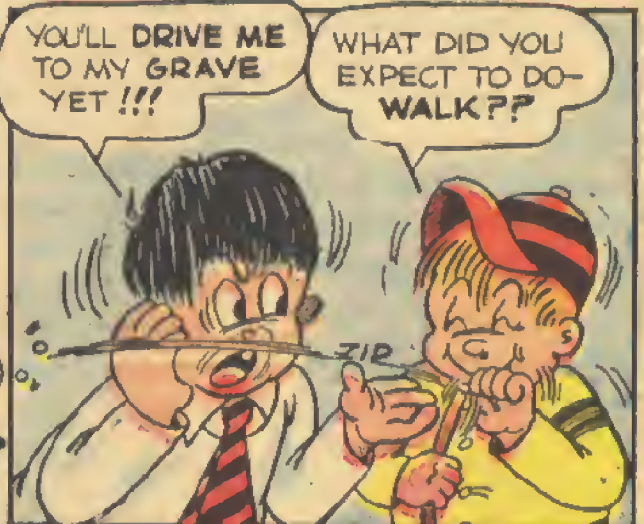
Q No. 15. Are the buttons on a man's coat on the right side or on the left?





WORLD'S RAREST STAMP! Everyone would like to own the world's rarest postage stamp, valued at \$50,000. Most albums have a place for this 1-penny red stamp of British Guiana of 1856. But, only one is known to exist! So that every collector may have a reproduction copy of the world's rarest stamp for their album, we have designed from the original plate an exact copy in color of the \$50,000 stamp beauty. We will send one, without charge, together with a collection of 100 different guaranteed genuine stamps of the world, for only 10c to approval applicants. Only 1 order per person. WM. PERCH STAMP CO., P.O. Box 303, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Dept. 452.

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YOUNG KING COLE



TENSION gripped Detective Paul Walker as he walked slowly down the darkened waterfront street. He took each step warily, as though fearful it might be his last, and his anxious eyes darted to and from the boarded buildings, ominous in their silence. A sudden sound behind caused him to whirl, with his heavy service revolver cocked to fire. His laugh was shrill, almost hysterical, as he discovered the noise was merely a vagrant piece of paper fleeing before the wind.

Suddenly, a bulkier man stepped from the shadows and tapped him on the shoulder. "Take it easy, Paul. You'll never nab the Shelton brothers exposing yourself like this. Want to end up wearing a nice new bullet between your shoulders?"

"What—oh, hello, Ed. Brr! You gave me a start. I guess hunting those killers—especially in this creepy neighborhood—is wearing me down. Did you come across anything new?"

"Not a thing. But they're here somewhere. We're bound to get them before the night is over, or——" he paused and shrugged, "maybe they'll get us. Who knows? Come on, let's try the dock. It's usually a good place to look for rats."

They walked together in silence, a silence that was more significant than any conversation. Paul Walker and Ed Gormley had been partners so long that words were not necessary between them. Rookies together, the comradeship had grown so close over the years that each knew the other perfectly. Both, too, were aware that this was the grimmest and most dangerous manhunt of their careers. The two Shelton brothers, Bill and Emil, were possibly the most wanton killers that the city had ever known. Held together by a mutual love of murder and some curious fraternal loyalty, the ruthless pair seemed immune to capture. However, a tip-off stated that they were at the waterfront, and the department's most efficient detec-

tive team, Walker and Gormley, had been detailed to bring them in.

Offshore, a lonely foghorn sounded and Gormley shivered at its mournfulness. "Goosh, this waterfront gives me the shivers. It's more desolate than a graveyard. By the way, that reminds me," and he chuckled, "do you recall the promise we made each other when we first joined the force?"

"Promise? Oh, yes, of course. You mean that if one of us is killed in line of duty the other will get his murderer? Yes, I do, but don't let's talk about it in *this* atmosphere, eh? I'm nervous enough now. I——" Paul Walker stopped speaking as his trained eyes focused on two dim figures at the head of the street.

With one hand, he pulled his gun swiftly from its holster and with the other grasped Ed's arm. Pointing with his gun, he whispered, "Ed, look. I'm not sure yet, but—IT IS! The Sheltons! Start shooting!"

Guns blazing, the detectives ran toward the two gangsters. The previously silent street was now alive with the whine of hate-filled bullets. Lead shrieked perilously close to Walker's head, but he thrilled with satisfaction as he saw one of the enemy fling up his hands and fall forward. He shouted, but his triumphant yell was cut short as he heard Ed sigh softly beside him. Turning, Paul beheld his partner clutching frantically at his stomach. Ed teetered for one horrible moment, then slowly toppled over, his now useless gun dropping from dead fingers and clanking hollowly into the gutter.

Fury rode Paul as he sped toward the remaining thug. Blinded by revenge and determination to fulfill his promise to Ed, he shot wildly. He was pumping lead furiously, but to no effect, as desire for vengeance spurred him on.

"You killed Ed!" he screamed, and Shelton's bullets sang him an answer. "Killed Ed! I'll—oo!" A white heat suddenly blazed against his ankle and the damaged foot crumpled beneath him. He fell heavily to the sidewalk, his chance of capturing the killer gone. Futilely, he emptied his revolver after the fleeing thug. Then there

was silence, broken only by his sobs for Ed. He was alone—alone with the dead gangster and the dead hero. Pain stabbed viciously at his wound, and just as he heard the distant sirens of the police wagons, Walker surrendered to unconsciousness.

He awoke some hours later in the hospital. It was still dark, the darkness a fitting shade for his mood. A fine botch he had made of things! True, he had killed Emil Shelton, but the older and even more deadly Bill was still at large. It was the latter, too, who had sped the bullet into Ed Gormley. Paul shuddered as he recalled the scene. Ed dying on the sidewalk, and he crippled and allowing the killer to escape.

What of the promise now? Ed was dead and he was sworn to avenge him. But how? How, indeed, when he was helpless with a wounded leg? Paul writhed at his plight. The promise was nothing but a mockery! He had failed Ed—failed him miserably. There was no chance to redeem his failure, either. Some other policeman was certain to apprehend Bill Shelton long before Paul was able to leave the hospital. Justice would be served, of course, but it wouldn't be

the same. He should be the one to get Ed's killer. He had had his chance in the gun fight and muffed it. He'd never get another.

But wait! What was that? That noise at the window, that figure crouched on the sill—it was Shelton! Paul watched, fascinated, as the gangster dropped silently into the room. Paul's hand dove under his pillow and emerged with his gun.

Two shots and one shriek sounded simultaneously. A heavy thud followed Shelton's fall to the floor. Paul Walker dragged himself laboriously from the bed and tottered to stand over the fallen thug. He had not failed Ed after all. He looked at the dying man on the floor, then raised his eyes upward. "I got him, Ed! I got him for you, feller. I didn't let you down!"

He was interrupted by the rapidly-sinking Shelton. "Yeah, you—you got me, copper. You got me good, but only for one reason. You see, my brother and me always said that if one of us got knocked off, the other guy would get his killer. I—I—I tried, but I couldn't keep my promise!"

THE END

DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

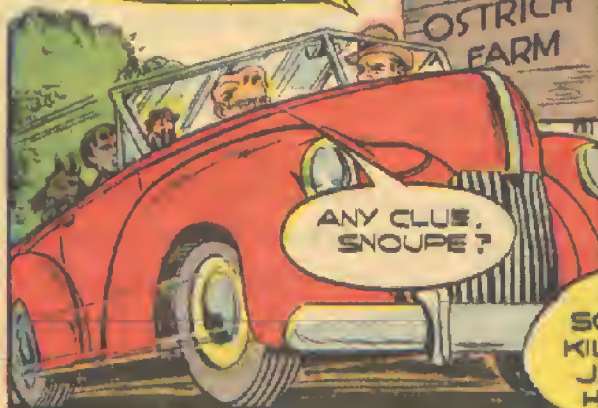
THE CASE of
THE SLAUGHTERED OSTRICHES

WHISPER
DREW'S
POWER TO
MAKE
ANIMALS
UNDERSTAND
HIM SAVES
THE DAY
AGAIN!



OZZIE JENKS WAS
MURDERED LAST NIGHT,
WHISPER. HE WAS MIKE
SHORT'S HELPER.

MIKE
SHORT'S
OSTRICH
FARM



ANY CLUE,
SNOUPE?

MIKE SHORT, OWNER OF THE OSTRICH
FARM, APPROACHES.

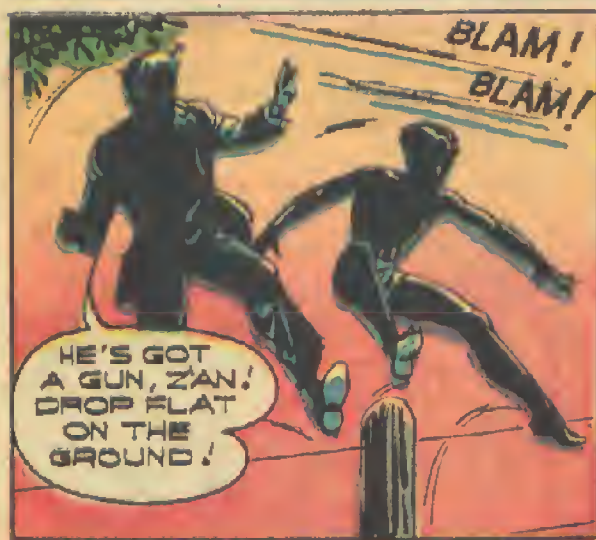
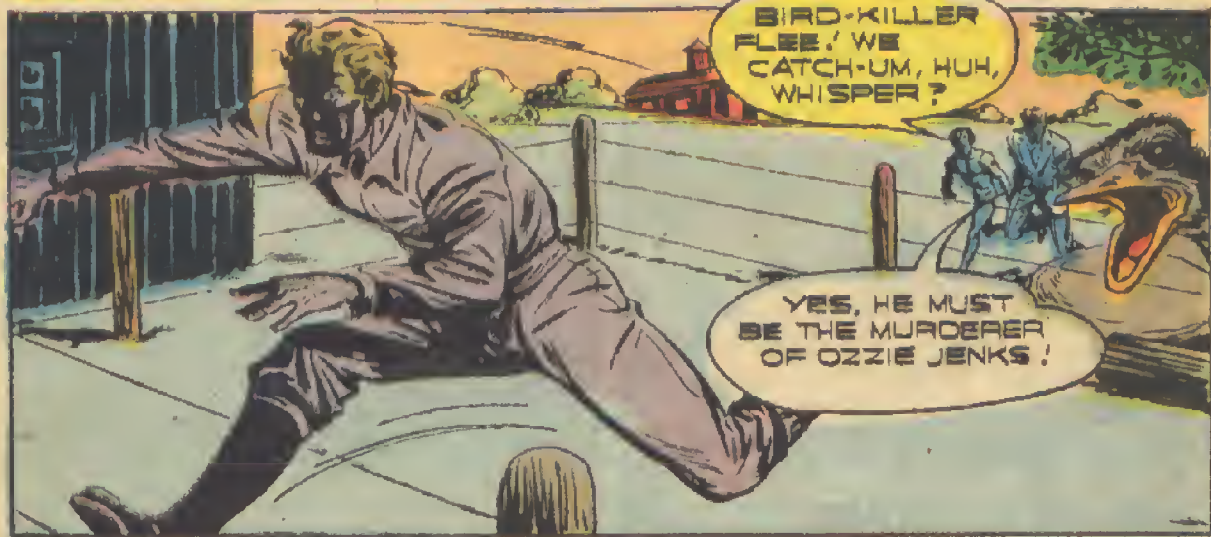


A
SLAUGHTERED
OSTRICH WAS
FOUND
BESIDE
JENKS'S
BODY.

FOR FOUR NIGHTS
SOMEONE HAS BEEN
KILLING MY OSTRICHES!
JENKS, POOR FELLOW, MUST
HAVE CAUGHT HIM AT IT.

YOUNG KING COLE

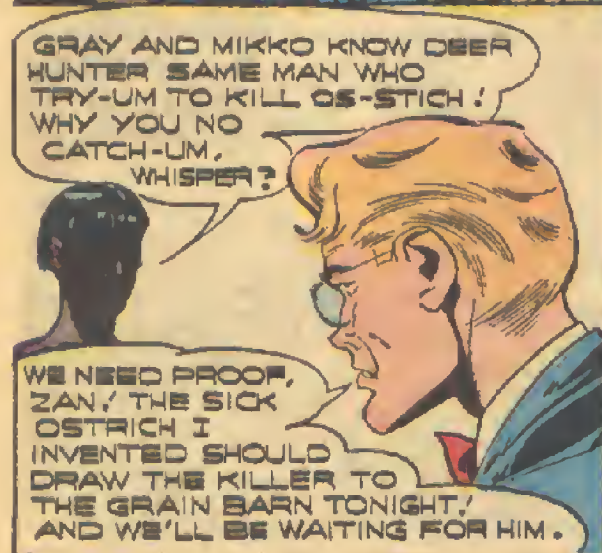


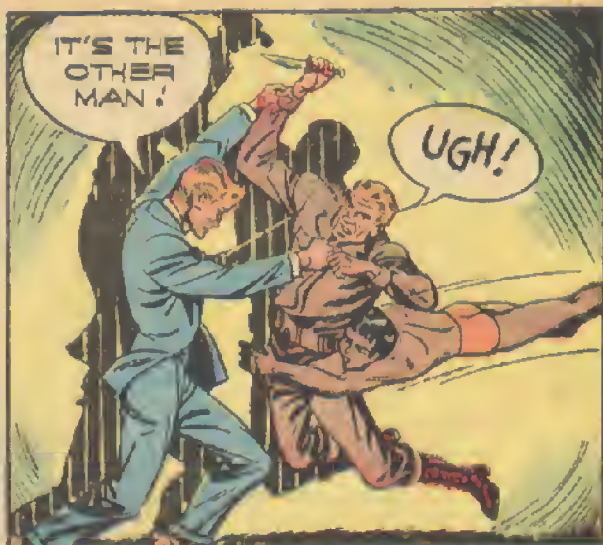


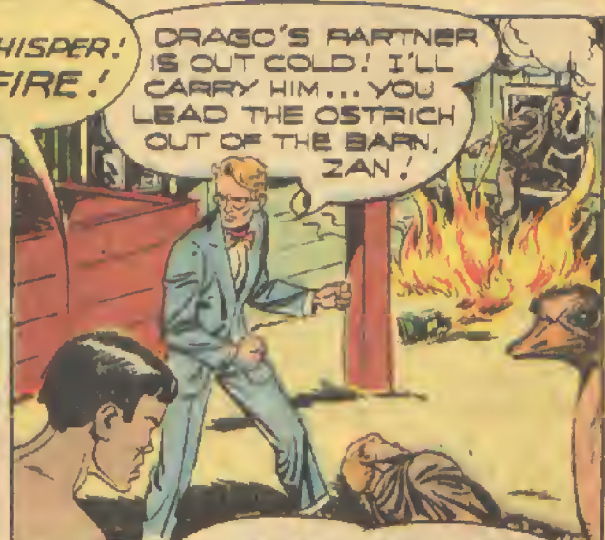
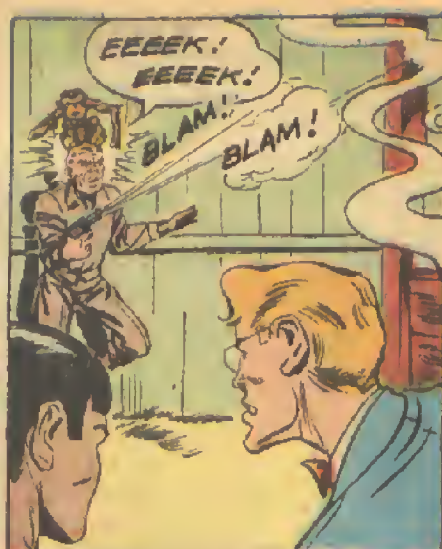
A No. 14. The ostrich. The male is sometimes eight feet high, and may weigh 300 pounds.

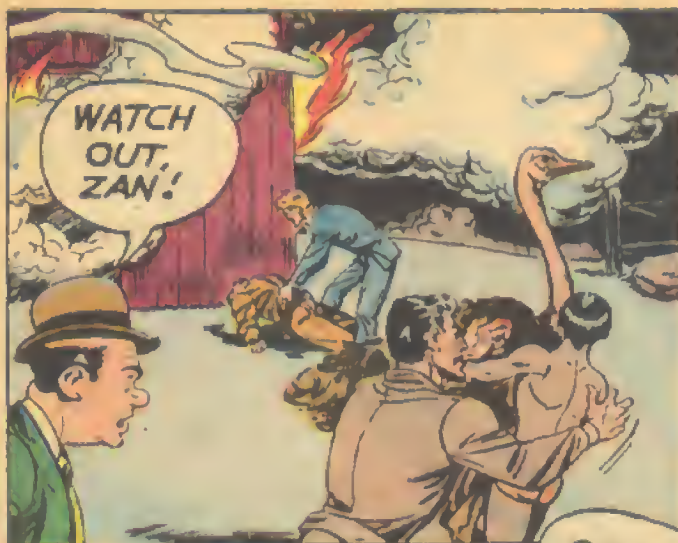


Q No. 17. In Roman mythology, how did Janus differ from all other gods?





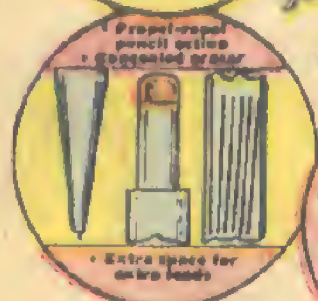




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YOUR NAME ENGRAVED

LOOK AT
THESE FEATURES



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price of this offer is less than you might otherwise expect to pay for a good pen alone. Here, then, you get ALL THREE in a handsome matching set with gold effect band and clip, each piece beautifully engraved with your own name and delivered to you in a most attractive velvet-lined Gift Box, all for the ONE LOW PRICE of only \$2.98. Here, in fact, is the kind of set you've always wanted, now priced so low you can't afford to be without it.

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USE THIS SET FOR 10 DAYS ON OUR MONEY BACK OFFER!

You'll marvel at the many writing advantages this new Writing Trio gives you. The Fountain Pen is ideal for all your personal correspondence, signing checks, bookkeeping, etc. The Ball Point Pen, which rolls the ink on dry and writes up to a year without refilling, is perfect where extra carbon copies are needed or for addressing packages, marking fabrics, signing duplicate receipts, etc. The Mechanical Pencil uses standard pencil leads which are propelled, repelled and expelled by a turn of the barrel. Pencil point is designed so lead is held in sure firm grip. There's no play, no wobble. But why not find out for yourself how good this "Triple Header" set really is: how much extra writing pleasure and convenience it will mean to you. Rush your order today on the handy coupon with the understanding that if you don't agree you've received America's outstanding 3-piece matching pen and pencil set value, you can return the set within 10 days for full refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

MAIL \$1.00 DEPOSIT WITH THIS ORDER COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3011

1237 Loyola Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois

Enclosed is \$1.00. Rush me the new "Triple Header" Writing Trio with my name engraved as indicated below for the C.O.D. balance of \$1.98 plus the extra postage charges of 75¢ for mailing your purchase.



ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON MY SET

(please print clearly)

MY NAME _____

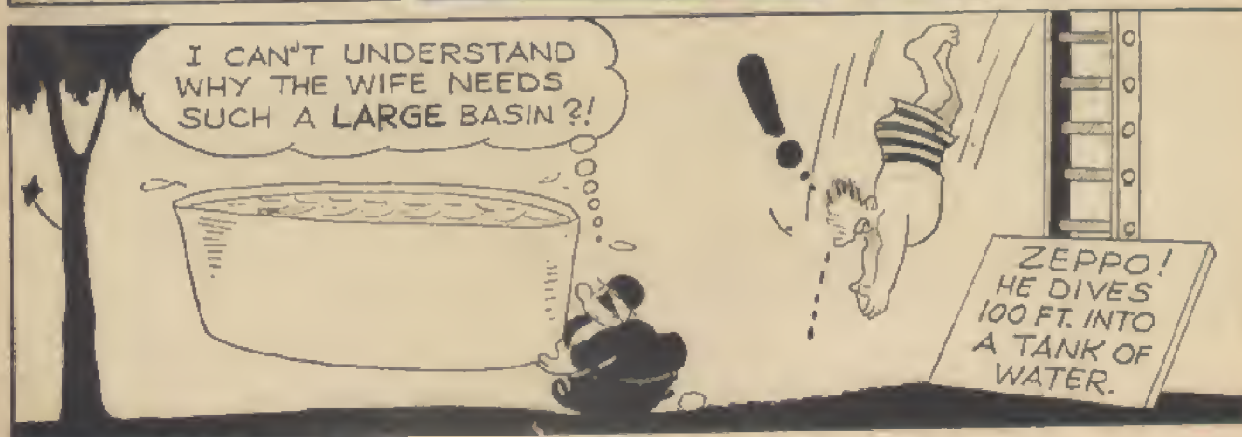
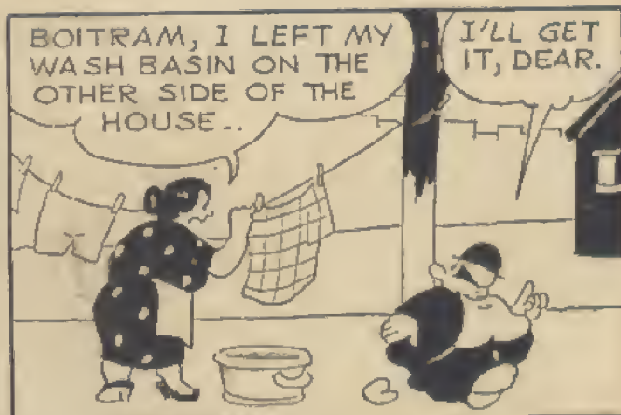
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ENCLOSED IS \$1.00 in addition to your C.O.D. and delivery charges. Rush set to me engraved as indicated above. All orders processed on cash money-back guarantee.

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